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THE FROST.

BY MISS H. P. COULDS.

The frost looked forth one clear, cold night,
And whispered, "now I shall be out of sight;
No through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way."
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much noise and noise in vain;
But I'll be as easy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and covered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads, and over the forest
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear.
That he hung on its margin for and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept—
Wherever he moved, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees,
There were cities with temples and flowers, and trees
All pictured in silver sheen;

THE BURNING SHIP.

BY FRED TRYSAIL.

In the year 1845, I was in Liverpool without a ship, neither was I in any hurry to obtain one. With plenty of money in my pockets, and a great number of acquaintances, I managed to pass away time rather agreeably, without thinking of the morrow. One afternoon I strolled down towards the docks to see what was going on, not with the least idea of shipping, for I had not squandered all my money, and of course did not feel like going to sea just then.

I stood leaning against one of the spiles, watching the confusion attendant upon the departure of a New York and Liverpool packet. Freight was piled upon her decks, emigrants' baggage strewed around in admirable disorder. I was awakened from my reverie by a stout, well-dressed man, asking in a quick, sharp tone,

"Well, my man, do you want a ship?"
"No, sir, not to-day," I replied.
"How long have you been to sea?"
"Five years, sir."

"What made you leave your ship, and who was master of her?" he asked, in a quick, off-handed manner.

"She was sold—Captain Johnson commanded her," said I, answering both of his questions at once, without using any superfluous words.

"My reply appeared to please him, for he gave me a quick glance, and then said:
"I am in want of a second mate for the Sturdy, the packet ship before you. Would you like the berth?"

I was almost bewildered at the sudden prospect before me. Not twenty years old, and the idea of getting a second mate's billet on board a fine liner, was great luck.

"I am afraid I am hardly qualified, sir," I replied at length.

"I will risk it. If you are willing and quick we shall get along. When can you come on board—we sail to-morrow forenoon."

"In an hour's time I can have my traps in the ship, and be ready for duty."

"Do you want any advances?"
"No, sir, I have a few dollars left," I answered.

"Then come with me to the American Consul's and sign the articles," and without more words he strode along, I following as close as possible.

In a few minutes I had signed my name, and found myself enrolled as second mate on board the Sturdy.

"Now, Mr. Trysail," said Capt. Hardy—for such was his name—I expect you will be on board this afternoon, before sundown."

"I shall be on board before that time, sir," I answered, as I took my leave.

Punctual to my word, I had my clothes on board in an hour's time, and commenced my duties. I am not going to enter on a long digression to show what those duties were—but one thing I will say, the man who goes as second mate does not have much time to devote to idle purposes.

The next day we hauled out, took a steam-tug, and before sundown we were forty miles from Liverpool, dashing down the Irish channel with studding sails set on the starboard side, and four hundred sick passengers.

The captain was called a Tartar, yet I thought him a pretty easy sort of a man. If I made an occasional blunder, he was always ready to overlook it without any cross words. In fact I got along with him much better than the chief mate, who, for one or two reasons, did not stand very high in his good graces.

We had been out five days. Fortune had favored us with fresh winds, and plenty of time, until on the evening of the fifth day, the weather

moderated, and by 8 P. M., the wind had died away to a three knot breeze. It was my first watch from eight to twelve. I paced the deck, thinking of home, and listening to the loud laugh of the cabin passengers, as they paced the deck, smoking their cigars and spinning their long yarns, until towards four bells, one by one dropped off to their berths, and I was left alone.

I leaned over the rail and watched the stars and cloudless heavens, and then glancing along the horizon I was startled by beholding a bright light about two points on our starboard bow. I waited a few minutes longer, but instead of decreasing it grew larger.

"Light off the starboard bow, sir," shouted the lookout, suddenly waking out of a short nap.

"See it," replied I, then stepped into the cabin to give the captain a call.

"The 'old man' turned out, hurried on his clothes and in a few minutes was scrutinizing the light through his night glass.

"What do you think it is, sir?" I asked, after he had had a good look.

The captain did not answer for a few moments, but appeared to be meditating. At last he replied,

"If we were on the track of whalers I should think it was one of them 'trying out,' but as this is no place for whalers, I am afraid it is a vessel on fire."

I thought with horror what our situation would be in a case of fire, with so many passengers on board.

"Brace the yards, and then luff about two points," the captain continued, "we will see what we can make of her."

By the time the yards were braced, a number of the passengers had assembled on deck, conversing in low tones. In half an hour's time we had drawn near enough to make out that it was a ship on fire not more than two miles distant. In vain we whistled for a breeze to take to the relief of the stranger; the wind grew fainter and fainter, until at last we scarcely moved through the water.

"This will never do," said the captain, after taking another look at the fire. "We shall not reach the vessel for another hour or two at this rate. Clear away the quarter boat. Mr. Trysail, jump in, and take five good men with you, and see what you can do towards saving the lives and property of the crew."

I needed no second command, and in a short time was dancing over the water, propelled by the stout arms of five good sailors. The men did not need any encouragement to exert themselves; they knew that the lives of human beings must be in danger, and that is always a sufficient excuse for a sailor to strain every nerve to afford all the assistance in his power.

As we neared the burning ship, I could see that the fire was mainly confined to the masts and rigging, the hull being not much injured as yet. In a quarter of an hour's time after leaving the Sturdy, we were within ten yards of her when the men lay on their oars and I hailed, not daring to go along side for fear of the masts falling and crushing the boat.

There was no reply to my first hail, and I began to think the ship deserted, when I heard a faint voice begging our assistance. We pulled under the ship's stern, and an old grey-headed man put up his head out of the cabin window.

"Jump in the boat, old man," I shouted; "you have no time to lose."

"I cannot come without my daughter," he answered. There is nobody on board excepting her and myself."

"Then lower her into the boat and get in yourself," I replied.

"Alas, sir, I have not the strength, and my daughter is insensible."

"There was a moment's hesitation. To venture on board a vessel half consumed by fire was not a very trifling affair, especially when their might be a few bags of powder in the room. It was no time to deliberate, however. Some one must go and risk his own life to save the father and daughter.

"Throw a rope to us from the taffail, so we can get on board," I shouted, for it was with difficulty I could be heard.

The old man disappeared, and in spite of the great heat, forced his way aft and threw the rope. One or two of the men appeared anxious to have the glory of rescuing the strangers, but grasping the rope, I rapidly worked my way to the cabin windows and entered.

The cabin was already full of smoke, still not so dense but what a person could breathe. My first care was to find the lady. Seeing a stateroom door near me partly opened, I entered, and saw the lady lying on the floor insensible! Without waiting a moment's time, I grasped her in my arms, and bore her to the cabin windows.

"Stand ready, men, to take the lady," I shouted. Every man jumped on his feet, and with outstretched arms, stood ready to catch her. Watching my opportunity, as the ship settled down from the effects of a heavy swell, I let go my hold, and she fell safely into the arms of the men.

My next care was to find the father, who I had not seen since I had been on board. Already had the fire made much headway, and as I attempted to reach the deck I found myself driven back by the intense heat. There was no help for it, so I anxiously prepared to retire to the boat. As the men began to grow impatient, swinging myself down by the rope, I safely landed and found the lady had partly recovered from the swoon.

"Where is the father, sir?" asked one of the men.

"I don't know, I have seen nothing of him." "My father—is not father safe?" asked the lady, starting up, and gazing wildly at the burning ship.

"I hope he is, but he has not been seen for some time," I replied.

"Oh! do not for heaven's sake go until my father is safe—he is rich and will well reward you for saving his life."

At this instant a form appeared at the taffail with singed hair and clothes burnt nearly to a cinder. He cast a look of despair at those in the boat, and appeared undecided what to do.

"Jump!" we shouted with startling energy; "jump! it is your only chance."

He paused a moment, then raising his hands high above his head, leaped boldly from the rail. There was a hissing sound, heard as his body struck the water, and in another moment he rose within a few feet of the boat, and was safely drawn in and placed besides his daughter.

"Now men, give way and let's get aboard as soon as possible," and as I spoke the masts came crashing over the side, sending the sparks high in the air, and illuminating the ocean for miles in length. I cast a hasty glance around and saw the old Sturdy within a quarter of a mile, heading directly for us.

The men bent to their oars with hearty good will, and in ten minutes we were alongside, and had the boat hoisted up, while our doctor paid every attention to the wants of the lady and her father.

"Did you find nobody else on board, Mr. Trysail?" asked Capt. Hardy.

"No, sir, the boats and crew appeared to have left before we got there."

"I can hardly think there are people in this world so cowardly as to leave a woman on board a burning ship," muttered the captain; had one or two of those guns and fire them so that if they are in this vicinity, they can stand some chance of getting on board."

By this time the fire began to grow fainter as the flames reached the water mark, and after one or two efforts to brighten up, grew dark. We discharged three or four guns, and sent up half a dozen rockets, and then waited until day break, but could see nothing of the boats, and for a long time nothing was heard of the crew, but at last information came that they had been picked up and carried to France, and from thence they all arrived home in safety.

In a few days the old gentleman and his daughter were well enough to come on deck, and I was one of the happiest second mates to be found in the world, when I came to look at the beautiful young girl I had been the means of saving. Dark eyes, fair skin, white teeth, and such a smile! and when she came to me, and put her little soft white hand in my huge hard paw, and thanked me with tears in her eyes, I thought I should like the privilege of taking her in my arms again. I have never been able to this day to recollect what I said to her in reply. I suppose she saw that I was confused, and so ceased to bother me with her thanks.

We then found out how they came to be left. The foremast of the ship had taken fire, and when the captain saw no means of saving the vessel, he had ordered the two boats to be lowered, but while Mr. Whitely (such was the old gentleman's name, had gone into the cabin for his daughter and a few articles, the crew pushed off, not thinking about those on board. He had left Liverpool two days before the Sturdy, bound for New York. Mr. Whitely was returning to America, after having made the tour of Europe for the benefit of his daughter's health, which was now quite restored, but the old gentleman vowed it should be the last time he would set foot on salt water if he arrived safely on shore.

When we got to New York Mr. Whitely gave each of the boat's crew a hundred dollars; to me he did not offer any thing but his thanks, and I considered myself amply repaid by them; but when the Sturdy was ready for sea I found that I was promoted to the rank of chief mate, and one quarter of her bounty and paid for in my name. Three voyages after that I took command, and then—well the fact of it is, Miss Whitely has been my wife for four years, and I have never regretted rescuing her from the burning ship.

Hints for the Unmarried.

Or all the gratifications human nature can enjoy, and of all the delight it is formed to impart, none is equal to that of a long tried and mutual affection. The happiness which arises from conjugal felicity is capable of withstanding the attacks of time, grows vigorous in age, and animates the heart with pleasure and delight when the vital fluid can scarcely force a passage through it. No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife, let him be ever so frugal, industrious, or successful; and it avails nothing if he be unfaithful to his trust, or profusely squanders, in pleasure or dissipation, those means which aid and application gained; but, if she unite in mutual endeavors, or reward his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or farm, fly over lands, sail upon the sea, meet difficulty and encounter dangers, if he know that it is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. How delightful it is to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to soothe the solitary hours of

grief and pain. Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of any man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for his happy hours, while for months of darkness no sympathizing friend is prepared. Prudence and foresight can neither ward off the stroke of disease, nor prevent the calamities ordained by heaven. Affluence can not purchase release from pain, nor tenderness cool a fever in the blood, a heart ready to sympathize with tender drops of compassion, and a life that is absolutely bound up in his; and as enjoyment derives additional relish from anticipation, so misery loses the poignancy of its barb in the bosom formed for sympathetic kindness. [Empson.]

From Report of the Superintendent of Census Dec. 1, 1852.

Maize, or Indian Corn.

Among the objects of culture in the United States, the maize or Indian corn takes the precedence in the scale of crops, as it is best adapted to the soil and climate, and furnishes the largest amount of nutritive food. When due regard is paid to the selection of varieties, and cultivated in a proper soil, it may be accounted as a sure crop in almost every portion of the habitable globe, between the forty-fourth degree of North latitude and a corresponding parallel South. Besides its production in this country, its principal culture is limited to Mexico, the West Indies, most of the States of South America, France, Spain, Portugal, Lombardy and Southern and Central Europe generally. It is also cultivated with success in Northern, Southern and Western Africa, India, China, Japan, Australia and the Sandwich Islands, the groups of the Azores, the Madagascars, the Canaries, and numerous other ocean isles.

Although there has been much written on the Eastern origin of this grain, if it did not grow in that part of Asia watered by the Indus, at the time of Alexander the Great's expedition, as it is not among the productions of the country mentioned by Nearchus, the commander of the fleet, neither is it noticed by Ariana, Diodorus, Columella, nor any other ancient author; and even as late as 1493, the year before Columbus discovered America, Juan de Cuba, in his "Ortus Sanitatis," makes no mention of it. It has never been found in any ancient tumulus, sarcophagus or pyramid; nor has it ever been represented on any ancient painting, sculpture or work of art, except in America. But in this country, according to Garcilaso de la Vega, one of the ancient Peruvian historians, the palace gardens of the Incas, in Peru, were ornamented with maize in gold and silver, with all the grains, spikes, stalks and leaves; and in one instance, in the "Garden of gold and silver," there was an entire cornfield of considerable size, representing the maize in its exact and natural shape; a proof no less of the wealth of the Incas, than their veneration for this important grain.

In further proof of the American origin it may be stated, that this plant is still found growing in a wild state, from the Rocky Mountains in North America, to the humid forests of Paraguay, where instead of having each grain naked, as is always the case after long cultivation, it is completely covered with glumes or husks. It is, furthermore, a well authenticated fact, that maize was found in a state of cultivation by the aborigines, in the island of Cuba, on its discovery by Columbus, as well as in most other places in America, first explored by Americans.

The first successful attempt to cultivate this grain in North America, by the English, occurred on James's River, in Virginia, in 1608. It was undertaken by the colonists sent over by the London company, who adopted the mode then practised by the natives, which, with some modifications, has been pursued throughout this country ever since. The yield, at that time, is represented to have been from two hundred to more than a thousand fold. The same increase was noted by the early settlers of Illinois. The present yield, East of the Rocky Mountains, when judiciously cultivated, varies from 20 to 135 bushels to an acre.

The varieties of Indian corn are very numerous, exhibiting every grade of size, color and conformation, between the "clabber head" that grows on the shores of Lake Superior—the gigantic stalks of the Ohio Valley—the tiny ears, with flat, close, clinging grains of Canada, the brilliant rounded little pearl—the bright red grains and white cob of the eight-rowed hunk—the swelling ears of the big white and yellow gourd-seed of the South. From the flexibility of this plant, it may be acclimated, by gradual cultivation, from Texas to Maine, or from Canada to Brazil; but its character in either case, is somewhat changed, and often new varieties are the result. The blades of the plant are of great value as food for stock, and is an article but rarely estimated sufficiently, when considering of the agricultural products of the Southern and South-Western States especially.

The increase of production from 1840 to 1850 was 214,000,000 bushels, equal to 55 per cent. The production of New England has advanced from 6,993,000 to 10,377,000 bushels, showing an increase of 3,384,000 bushels, nearly 50 per cent. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland increased 29,812,000 bushels, more than 50 per cent. In the production of this crop no State has retrograded. Ohio, which in 1840 occupied the fourth place as a Corn producing State, now ranks as the first. Kentucky is second, Illinois third, Tennessee fourth. The crop of Illinois has increased from 2,000,000 to 4,500,000 bushels, or at the rate of 100 per cent. in ten years.

Of the numerous varieties some are best adapted to the Southern States, while others are better suited for the Northern and Eastern. These generally cultivated in the former are the Southern big and small yellow, the Southern big and small white flint, the yellow Peruvian, and the Virginia white gourd seed.

In the more Northern and Eastern States, they cultivate the golden Sioux or Northern yellow flint, the King Philip or eight-rowed yellow, the Canadian early white, the Tuscarora, the white flour and the Rhode Island white flint.

The extended cultivation of this grain is chiefly confined to the Eastern, Middle and Western States, though much more successfully grown in the latter, the amount exported from South Carolina in 1748, was 39,208 bushels; from Georgia in 1753, 61,580 bushels; from Virginia, for several years preceding the Revolution, annually 600,000 bushels; from Philadelphia, in 1765-66, 69,295 bushels; in 1771, 259,441 bushels.

THE MOTHER'S RESOLVES.

A POETIC TRAIL.

BY S. S. A.

It was late tea time at Mr. Merwyn's pleasant back parlor, in his commodious and comfortable house in Boston. Mrs. Merwyn was sitting by the fire awaiting the return of her husband from the store. William and Anne, were rudely racing around the room, overturning chairs and stools, and threatening every moment to upset the tea-table. "Stop, children, this moment," said Mrs. Merwyn. "Anne, open the door for your father; Willie, ring the bell for Bridget."

"Father has a night key, and can open the door for himself," said Anne; upon which she commenced a desperate struggle with Willie to recover the toy he had snatched from her.

Mr. Merwyn entered the room with a jaded, tired look, and sat down by the fire. Soon after, Bridget came in with a plate of toast in one hand and a cream pitcher in the other. The children, quite beside themselves in the eagerness of their quarrels, ran against her, knocked the dish of toast from her hand, and its contents spread on the carpet. Mrs. Merwyn ran to them, and scolding them each in turn, boxed their ears soundly accompanying her scolding with severe reproaches. "I never saw anything like this. You are the worst behaved children I ever beheld! You are the plagues of my life! I wish you were, both of you, a hundred miles off. I am sure I cannot imagine how I came to have such bad children. Go to the table this minute, and see if you can behave yourselves. You make it very pleasant for your father, who has been working for you all day, to come home and find the house in such an uproar, and carpet spoiled, and the toast gone." With such expressions she drove the children to the table.

They were really pretty children, though pale and delicate; but now, with their unattractively flushed cheeks, dishevelled hair and angry looks, their appearance was anything but agreeable. They began to eat in moody silence. The parents were silent also. At length Mrs. Merwyn said, "Willie, don't eat so much of that rich cake; take some bread and butter; and Anne, stop helping yourself to sweetmeats; you have eaten two saucers full already."

"I don't like bread and butter," said Willie, in a surly tone; "I can't eat what I don't like."

Anne, with a look of contempt at her mother coolly helped herself to the last of the preserves and ate them.

The evening passed as uncomfortably as it had begun. When the tea things were cleared away the study table was set out, for the children had lessons to recite on the morrow which must be learned in the evening. But they were cross and ill-natured to each other, and their father, after trying half an hour to read a pamphlet which he had brought home with him, threw it aside, and seated himself with a heavy sigh by the fire.

"I say mother," said William, "where's 'Tum'?"
"I do not know exactly; look it out on the map."

"I can't, there's such a crowd of little names here; and what is more, I won't. I don't care if I do miss my lessons. I have got so low in my class now, I would as lief be at the foot as anywhere else."

"Mother, is good a noun or an adjective?" inquired Anne.

"How should I know?" replied the mother.—"Can't you tell from the way in which it is there used?"
"No, I can't," said Anne.
"Study your rules, then, and do not tease me about it," said the mother.

cheerful, pleasant, orderly home. I have built this house, and furnished it handsomely, and I am sure I supply you liberally with every means of comfort, and yet how uncomfortable we are. And all comes from these unruly children."

Mrs. Merwyn looked up half angrily. "If the children are bad is it not partly your fault, James? Do you govern them as you ought to?"

"How can I?" replied the husband. "Am I not at work all day? And must I spend the time in which I need a little relaxation, in reducing a couple of rebellious children to order? They love me little enough now. It is seldom that I get the slightest caress or even a respectful word from either of them; and how would it be if I spent my evenings in checking and scolding them? I took tea at our friends, the Westons', last evening. Weston is as busy as I am, and the whole charge of their five children falls upon his wife; but, oh, Helen, it made my heart ache to see them; such happy, cheerful faces, such intelligent looks, such pleasant, winning ways; so quiet and obedient, and yet so loving and affectionate to their parents and to each other. I used to hope that my children would grow up so, but I have no such hopes now; they grow worse and worse as they grow older. I desire you will let them have another room to spend their evenings in, for I want to have them out of my sight! Having thus spoken, with a heavy sigh the father left the room for his chamber.

When he was gone, Mrs. Merwyn burst into a passion of tears. The fountains of feeling seemed almost stirred to their inmost depths. At first she pined herself; she was angry with her husband and her children. She called to mind the fact that she was married at seventeen to a husband considerably older than herself.

"And how could it be expected," thought she, "that I should know anything about bringing up children? I was a petted, indulged, half-educated girl myself; where was I to get the strength, the self-denial, and the perseverance necessary for the most difficult task? Was it to be expected that I should give up every pleasure of youth, and think and work entirely for others? As these thoughts passed through her mind she wept the more.

Mrs. Merwyn, it is true, was married too early; she had begun. But she was a woman of good feelings, and earnest though unformed and undeveloped purposes. Having embraced her self-commiseration, her thoughts took another turn. "But I love my children, and I love my husband. I am their mother. I am his wife; and do not nature and God and my own heart urge me to a higher and better discharge of duty than I have ever yet practiced? Oh! how happy I should be if I could reclaim my children, reform them, and establish a mother's influence over them; if I could make my husband happy and his home delightful! What would I not sacrifice for this? Her face beamed as she indulged these bright visions, but reflection brought discouragement. "I am thirty years old," murmured she; "Anne is twelve, and William ten. Even if I can change myself, how can I alter them? Ah! I fear it is a hopeless case."

Mrs. Merwyn had never made a profession of religion, though she had for some time entertained a doubtful hope of her spiritual state, and had practised an earnest but irregular habit of secret prayer. She now sunk upon her knees, and laid all her sorrows, wishes, hopes, and half-formed resolutions before the great Helper and Comforter, praying for wisdom and strength, as Solomon prayed when entrusted with the kingdom; for she felt more deeply than ever before that she had a high and holy mission to fulfill, and that strength and guidance from above were absolutely necessary to enable her to perform her duty. She rose with a feeling new to herself, a calmness, a resolution, a determination, which inspired her with hope and confidence.

The next morning she went to her old friend, Mrs. Weston, and made her the confidant of her new feelings and plans. Mrs. Weston was a large-hearted, strong-minded, pious woman. She listened with generous interest, she encouraged, she advised; and after a conference of three hours, Mrs. Merwyn returned home. That evening, after her husband and children had retired, she took her writing desk and wrote the following schedule of resolutions:

Resolved, That the first duty of the day performed by me shall be prayer to Almighty God, and especially for strength and wisdom, properly to instruct, guide, and govern my children.

Resolved, That I will never permit either of my children, with impunity, willfully to disobey me or treat me with disrespect.

Resolved, That I will earnestly strive never to act from an impulse of passion or resentment, but will endeavor to preserve my judgment cool and my feelings calm, that I may clearly see, and truly perform my duty to my children.

Resolved, That I will devote a certain portion of my leisure to daily self-instruction, in order to be able properly to instruct my children.

Resolved, That I will watch over my own temper at all times, cultivate a habit of cheerfulness, and interest myself in the matters of my children, that I may thereby gain their love.

Resolved, That I will break off the habit of lounging, that I will hereafter give up the reading of novels, and that I will attend fewer large parties, and devote the time I thus gain, especially to pursuits which will increase the comfort and happiness of my husband, and forward the best interests of my children.

Resolved, That I will especially study the health of my children, reading on the subject, and asking the advice of those whose more experienced than myself.

Resolved, That I will not yield to discouragement from failure in my first attempts at reform; but will persevere, putting faith in the promises to all those who earnestly and faithfully endeavor to do their duty."

These resolutions looked very cold and formal to the mother when she had done writing them. The writing was nothing; they were in her heart; but she folded the paper and locked it in her desk, as a memento, if she should ever feel herself falling into old habits of indolence and self-indulgence.

The next morning the family took their breakfast as usual, Anne and William coming in just as their father was about leaving the table. He was going to leave home this morning, to be absent for a month, but there was no respect salutation, no pleasant kiss from these ill-behaved children, for their father, who had spent his days in toiling for their welfare. "Bring me something handsome!" and "Bring me something nice!" they exclaimed, as they took their seats at the table.

"Where's my cup of coffee?" said Willie. "This white stuff isn't coffee!"

"No," said his mother, "it is milk and water. I prefer that you should drink it for your breakfast."

"And I prefer the coffee," said Willie, in a very determined tone, and I am determined to have it. And he stretched his hand toward the coffee-pot to help himself.

"Take the coffee away, Bridget," said Mrs. Merwyn. It disappeared.

"Where's my buttered toast and sausages?" said Anne.

"You will have neither this morning. There is good bread and butter, and you can have a mutton chop or a boiled egg, just which you prefer."

"I don't prefer either; I want sausages. If I can't have what I want I won't eat anything." "As you please," replied the mother, coolly. The children looked at their mother and at each other. They did not know what to make of this resolute resistance to their wishes; they begged, teased and fretted, but it was of no use. They finally, with sullen looks, condescended to eat what they had before them—And Willie said,

"I know one thing, if I can't have what I want for my dinner, I'll starve. And I have not washed myself for a whole week, and I don't intend to any more. I shall not go to school this afternoon; father's gone, and I mean to stay to home and play; won't you, Anne?"

Anne declared her readiness to join in the plan, and with this bravado they went out the room.

The dinner was still more stormy and uncomfortable than the breakfast had been. The children went to school in the afternoon, but with red eyes and angry tempers. Nor was it much better at tea. They were moody and discontented, and as indulgence had hitherto been the mother's only means of management, she could not alter to the state of things. A cheerful word or a kind smile was met with sullenness or indifference; it had no value.

After a wild, running game, which the mother did not attempt to stop, the study-table was drawn out; but before the books were taken, she placed her children in two chairs, and seated herself opposite to them. Her eyes were moist, and her voice trembled a little as she began to speak to them; but as she proceeded, the strength of an earnest purpose soon dried the one and gave firmness to the other.

"My children," said she, "I love you dearly. I love you, and your father loves you, because you are our children. We wish to make you good, that we may love you the better. We wish you to be happy, which you cannot be unless you are good. God has given you to us, and has commanded us to train you up in the way in which you should go, so that you may become children to love and obey their parents. You are old enough to feel and understand how right this is. I was a very young mother, my dear children, when you were given to me. I was not twenty years old when the youngest of you was born. I was ignorant, indolent, and careless. I am older now. I have seen the evils of carelessness and over-indulgence. I have observed, have read, and I have thought. I am now resolved to strive to train you in the right way, and as the first step and foundation, I am determined that you shall obey me. I do not think you love a man or your father, as children generally love their parents; perhaps you never

Great Bargains !!
2000 ROLLS PAPER HANGINGS
 some of which were damaged at the late fire
 beautiful patterns, cheap as first cost, and some cheaper too
J. WAKEFIELD.
 Jan. 20, 1853

(SPOFFORD BLOCK, MAIN STREET.)

Rockland.

\$26,600 WORTH of the most desirable new, rich
and fashionable Dry Goods at the
GREATEST BARGAINS
ever heard of in the Dry Goods line. I shall sell—

4-4 Sheerings at 76c, former price 86c,	
Bleached do. " 6 1-2 "	5,
Fast Colored Prints " " "	3,
Fine " " " "	16,
Merrimac " " " "	12,

Ginghams,	10,	12,
Mous, de Lains	19,	12,
All Wool "	38,	50,
Splendid Figured	67,	100,
6-4 Alpaca,	20,	25,
6-4 Lyonsese,	33,	48,
5-4 do Silk	75,	100,

6-1 w Fr Merinos 75,	100,
Red twilled Flannel 21,	30,
Ladies' Cloth 83,	100,
Men's Cloaking 83,	100,
Long Shirts 84,	84,

Square do.	1-2	"	24
Heavy Suits,		"	53,
Linen Table Covers,	42	"	62,
" " Backkerchiefs	10	"	15,
" " Buckrback	12-12	"	20,
" " Diaper,	11	"	15,
Crash,	8	"	10,
Cashmere Gloves,	13	"	15,
Kid do	50	"	25,
Muslin Collars	30	"	43,
Flax Silk,	63	"	75,

Black	10 per cent discount.
Princes,	75 1.00,
Velvets,	4.50 6.00,
Satins,	10 per cent discount.

And most of my immense stock at equally great reductions.

THE NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS.

Let those who would secure the best of them, call early. The sale will continue at the above unheard of low

Rockland Jan 13 1853

R. L. JACKSON & Co.;
At their New Stand,
South of Lime Rock Bank,
MAIN STREET.

Have just opened a new Stock of
BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES, &c.;
WHICH they offer for sale to the Public on the most
satisfactory terms. They also design to continue the
manufacture of all articles in their line, and will furnish
them equal in every respect to the most superior patterns.
Particular attention paid to custom-work, and they will

guarantee satisfaction to those who give them a trial.—
 Their Stock is new, large and carefully selected; and they
 invite the examination of all wishing to purchase.
 A full supply of Stock and "Findings" of all descriptions
 for the trade kept constantly on hand

R L JACKSON, }
 C N HOPKINS, }

Rockland Jan 13 1853

52 if

B. W. SAWYER & Co.,
 HAVE removed from their late stand in the Kimball Block, to the "Thornlike Store," lately occupied by S. C. DENNIS, corner of MAIN and SEA STREETS.
 Their friends and the public are invited to call and see them, as they are about closing off their present large Stock of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Ties, Slippers &c;
of all descriptions and qualities at
REDUCED PRICES.
Those who desire to purchase CANNOT FIND A BETTER
TIME OR CHANCE THAN THIS.
N. B. We have still a lot of splendid FURS and ROBES
which will be sold extremely cheap.

Rockland Jan 13 1852 52 ft B W S & Co.

TO the Hon. Arnold Blaney, Judge of Probate for the County of Lincoln:

JANIEL COWING of Rockland, in said County, respectfully represents that he is guardian of Andrew C. Cowing, a minor, and heir at law of Dolly Cowing, late of Rockland, aforesaid, deceased. That the said minor is seized in fee simple in and to

sample in connection with Christine A. Mitchell, Daniel Cowing, Jr., Harrison U. Cowing, Christian S. Cowing, Edmund S. Cowing and Lucy J. Cowing, of five undivided house lots, situated in Rockland, aforesaid, as per plan of Andrew Ulmer's Estate, late of said Rockland, deceased, and that it would be for the benefit of said minor that his interest in said lots should be sold and the proceeds thereof be put out and secured on interest, and that an advantageous offer having been made to me for the same by Orchard C. Lud-

ing and Andrew Ulmer, of said Rockland, viz: two hundred and seventy-five dollars. He therefore prays that he may be empowered and licensed to sell and convey the same to he said Ludwig and Ulmer for the prices aforesaid.

INCOLN, SS---At a Probate Court held at Wiscasset, within and for the County of Lincoln, on the third day of January, A. D., 1853.

ON the foregoing petition, ORDERED, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, in said Estate,

Attest, EDWIN S. BOVEY, Reg^{ister}.
A true Copy attest: E. S. BOVEY, Reg. [52.]

THE ROAD TO HEALTH.
—
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.
—
CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD
DIGESTION.

Copy of a letter. From Mr R Kirkus, Chemist, 7, Prescott Street, Liverpool, dated 9th June 1851.

To Professor Halloway:

SIR,—Your pills and ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver and had di-

ation. On the last occasion, however, the virulence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have said, even more, your name, but she shrank from the record.

that you many more cases, but the more, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think, speaks much in favor of your astonishing Pills.

(Signed) R W KIRKUS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Copy of a letter inserted in the Helart Town Courier, of the first of March, 1871, by Major J. Wulch.

Margaret McConigan, nineteen years of age, residing at New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs; during this period she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Jodart Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's Pills, which she consented to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected a permanent cure.

FROM MEASURES Thew & Son, Proprietors of the Lynn Advertiser, who can vouch for the following statement—
Aug 14, 1851.
To Professor Holloway:

State: I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from pain and tightness in the stomach, which was also accompanied by a shortness of breath that prevented me from walking about. I am 64 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these pills have so relieved me that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered by vigorous, habitually active and can take exercise

(Signed) HENRY COE, North-st., Lynn, Norfolk

*These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious
in the following Complaints:*

Ague, Asthma,	Fertile Irregulari-Scrofula or King's
Gilious Complaints, Dys-	Exil.
	Sore Throat.

Itches on the	Fits, Gout,	Sore Throats,
Skin,	Head-ache	Secondary Symp-
Bowel Complaints,	Indigestion	tomata.
Colic, Constipa-	Inflammation,	Tie Douloureux
tion of the Bowels,	Jaundice,	Tumors, Ulcers
Consumption,	Liver Complaints,	Veruul Affections,
Debility, Dropsy,	Lumbago, Piles,	Worms of all kinds
Crystalline,	Retention of Urine,	Weakness from
Fevers of all kinds,	Stone and Gravel,	whatever cause,

Sold by the proprietor, 214, Strand (near Temple Bar) London, and by all respectable vendors of patent medicines throughout the British Empire and by those of the United States, in pots and boxes, at 57 1-2 cents, 87cts and \$1.50 each.

There is considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

Wholesale by the principal Drug Houses in the Union, and Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS, New York; Mrs. HORSBULL, London; New York, J. J. MURKIN, BURGESS &

175 Broadway, New York; JOSHUA BURTIN &
 O., Portland Me.
 N B—Directions for the guidance of patients affixed to
 each pot or box.
 For sale by **C P FESSENDEN;**
 Agent for Rockland and vicinity.

Boarding House.
 ON BIRMINGHAM THIRD DOOR FROM MAIN

THE subscriber has opened a Boarding House as above, and would be pleased to receive the patronage of those desirous of obtaining temporary homes.

J. STANLEY.

Nov 23, 1852 6m 45

Flour.
 50 BBLS "PURE GENESSEE" now landing.
 Jan 13-10 3 52 For sale by LARRIN SNOW.

vicinity that they can and will be su
with Nathan Smith's, M. D. BILLIOUS F
for general, family use, at the following p
viz: 6 1/4 cts for 23 Pills; 10 for 12 1/2 cts
for 25 cts. For any information which m
needed you are referred to—
J. M. & H. Hooper, James Hooper, A. B. Bird
Wincape, D. H. Ball, J. C. Law, Lewis, L
arlington, W. Baker & Co. Apothecaries, S. G
Rockland, G. Robinson, A. Rice, Thoms
Nov 16, 1852. 44